



# The MAN in LOWER TEN

by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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**SYNOPSIS.**  
Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburgh with the forged notes in the Brown case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower 11 and returns lower 10. He finds a drunken man in lower 10 and retires in lower 9. He awakens in lower 7 and finds his clothes and bag missing. The man in lower 10 is found murdered. Circumstantial evidence points to both Blakeley and the man who stole his clothes. The train is wrecked and Blakeley is rescued from a burning car by a girl in blue. His arm is broken. The girl proves to be Allison West, his partner's sweetheart. Blakeley returns home and finds he is under surveillance. Moving pictures of the train taken just before the wreck reveal to Blakeley a man leaping from the train with his stolen grip. Investigation proves that the man's name is Sullivan. Mrs. Conway, the woman for whom Blakeley bought a Pullman ticket, tries to make a bargain with him for the forged notes, not knowing that they are missing. Blakeley and an amateur detective investigate the home of Sullivan's sister. From a servant Blakeley learns that Allison West had been there on a visit and Sullivan had been attentive to her. Sullivan is the husband of a daughter of the millionaire man. Blakeley's house is ransacked by the police.

**CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.**

He drew a chair near the lamp and lighted a cigarette, and for a time he was silent. I was in the shadow, and I sat back and watched him. It was not surprising, I thought, that she cared for him; women had always loved him, perhaps because he always loved them. There was no disloyalty in the thought; it was the lad's nature to give and crave affection. Only—I was different. I had never really cared about a girl before, and my life had been singularly loveless. I had fought a lonely battle always. Once before, in college, we had both laid ourselves and our calow devotions at the feet of the same girl. Her name was Dorothy—I had forgotten the rest—but I remembered the sequel. In a spirit of quixotic youth I had relinquished my claim in favor of Richey and had gone cheerfully on my way, elevated by my heroic sacrifice to a somber, white-hot martyrdom. As is often the case, McKnight's first words showed our parallel lines of thought.

"I say, Lollie," he asked, "do you remember Dorothy Browne? B-r-o-w-n-e! That was it!"

"Dorothy Browne?" I repeated. "Oh—why yes, I recall her now. Why?"

"Nothing," he said. "I was thinking about her. That's all. You remember you were crazy about her, and dropped back because she preferred me?"

"I got out," I said with dignity, "because you declared you would shoot yourself if she didn't go with you to something or other!"

"Oh, why yes, I recall now!" he mimicked. He tossed his cigarette in the general direction of the hearth and got up. We were both a little conscious, and he stood with his back to me, fingering a Japanese vase on the mantel.

"I was thinking," he began, turning the vase around, "that, if you feel pretty well again, and—and ready to take hold, that I should like to go away for a week or so. Things are fairly well cleaned up at the office."

"Do you mean—you are going to Richmond?" I asked, after a scarcely perceptible pause. He turned and faced me, with his hands thrust in his pockets.

"No. That's off, Lollie. The Selberts are going for a week's cruise along the coast. I—the hot weather has played bob with me and the cruise means seven days' breeze and bridge."

I lighted a cigarette and offered him the box, but he refused. He was looking haggard and suddenly tired. I could not think of anything to say, and neither could he, evidently. The matter between us lay too deep for speech.

"How's Candida?" he asked.

"Martin says a month, and she will be all right," I returned, in the same tone. He picked up his hat, but he had something more to say. He blurted it out, finally, half way to the door.

"The Selberts are not going for a couple of days," he said, "and if you want a day or so off to go down to Richmond yourself—"

"Perhaps I shall," I returned, as indifferently as I could. "Not going yet, are you?"

"Yes. It is late." He drew in his breath as if he had something more to say, but the impulse passed. "Well, good night," he said from the doorway.

"Good night, old man."

The next moment the outer door slammed and I heard the engine of the Cannonball throbbing in the street. Then the quiet settled down around me again, and there in the lamplight I dreamed dreams. I was going to see her.

Suddenly the idea of being shut away, even temporarily, from so great and wonderful a world became intolerable. The possibility of arrest before I could get to Richmond was hideous, the night without end.

I made my escape the next morning through the stable back of the house, and then, by devious dark and winding ways, to the office. There, after a conference with Blobs, whose features fairly jerked with excite-

ment, I double-locked the door of my private office and finished off some imperative work. By ten o'clock I was free, and for the twentieth time I consulted my train schedule. At five minutes after ten, with McKnight not yet in sight, Blobs knocked at the door, the double rap we had agreed upon, and on being admitted slipped in and quietly closed the door behind him. His eyes were glistening with excitement, and a purple dab of type-writer ink gave him a peculiarly villainous and stealthy expression.

"They're here," he said, "two of 'em, and that crazy Stuart wasn't on, and said you were somewhere in the building."

A door slammed outside, followed by steps on the uncarpeted outer office.

"This way," said Blobs, in a husky undertone, and, darting into a lavatory, threw open a door that I had always supposed locked. Thence into a back hall piled high with boxes and past the presses of a bookbindery to the freight elevator.

Greatly to Blobs' disappointment, there was no pursuit. I was exhilarated but out of breath when we emerged into an alleyway, and the sharp daylight shone on Blobs' excited face.

"Great sport, isn't it?" I panted, dropping a dollar into his palm, inked to correspond with his face. "Regular walk-away in the hundred-yard dash."

"Gimme two dollars more and I'll drop 'em down the elevator shaft," he suggested ferociously. I left him



"They're Here," He Said.

there with his blood-thirsty schemes, and started for the station. I had a tendency to look behind me now and then, but I reached the station unnoticed. The afternoon was hot, the train rolled slowly along, stopping to pant at sweltering stations, from whose roofs the heat rose in waves. But I noticed these things objectively, not subjectively, for at the end of the journey was a girl with blue eyes and dark brown hair, hair that could—had I not seen it?—hang loose in bewitching tangles or be twisted into little coils of delight.

**CHAPTER XXVII.**

The Sea, the Sand, the Stars.

I telephoned as soon as I reached my hotel, and I had not known how much I had hoped from seeing her until I learned that she was out of town. I hung up the receiver, almost dizzy with disappointment, and it was fully five minutes before I thought of calling up again and asking if she was within telephone reach. It seemed she was down on the bay staying with the Samuel Forbesees.

Sammy Forbese! It was a name to conjure with just then. In the old days at college I had rather flouted him, but now I was ready to take him to my heart. I remembered that he had always meant well, anyhow, and that he was explosively generous. I called him up.

"By the fumes of gasoline!" he said, when I told him who I was. "Blakeley, the Fount of Wisdom against Woman! Blakeley, the Great Unkissed! Welcome to our city!"

Whereupon he proceeded to urge me to come down to the Shack, and to say that I was an agreeable surprise, because four times in two hours youths had called up to ask if Allison West was stopping with him, and to suggest that they had a vacant day or two.

"Oh—Miss West?" I shouted polite-



## MANY WOMEN UP IN BALLOONS

A Recounting of the Adventures of Feminine Aeronauts Before the Aeroplane's Day.

Paris.—The interest shown by women in aerial navigation in these days is no new thing. Women in the past have done their share in conquering the roadways of the air.

Mlle. Tibbe was the first French woman to make an ascent. On June 4, 1784, she went up in a balloon from Lyons and landed safely in Belfort. In the following year Mme. Hines and Mme. Lusarche, in Paris, and two French girls, the Sisters Simonnet, in London, made successful ascents.

The first of the women whose daring was repaid by death was Mme



Mlle. Dutrieu, Daring Bird-Woman.

Blanchard, wife of a famous aeronaut. While sailing over Paris in a balloon on July 6, 1819, she set off a rocket, the balloon caught fire and she was killed by falling on a roof.

Mme. Rader, in 1863, was caught in the ropes of her balloon and suffocated.

Among the attempts of women to conquer the air none was more exciting than that of Mrs. Stock, who in 1824 went up from London in company with the balloonist Harris. The journey continued without incident until an attempt was made to descend. Then the apparatus for emptying the balloon did not work properly and the gas escaped too rapidly.

Only lightning the car could save the two balloonists, and all the ballast had been thrown out. Then Harris and Mrs. Stock looked each other in the eye for a second. Then Harris threw himself from the car to save the life of the woman who had been brave enough to share his peril with him.

Mme. Flammarion, wife of the famous Camille, made a honeymoon trip with her husband in the month of August, 1847, and landed happily after fifteen hours at Spa. This successful example was followed by one tragic imitation, when Giuseppe Charlesmont, in 1893, started out from Milan with his bride and two others to make the Journey to Paris.

The first day passed without accident. On the second day, as the balloon was crossing the Alps, it was caught in a whirlwind, met a snow-storm and fell more than one thousand feet in a few seconds. The storm drove the car from one rocky peak to another and dragged it over the glaciers until all the gas had escaped and the car was left on a mountain. It remained there all night, and the next day the four, with no implements and no protection against the cold, started to make the perilous descent. A snowstorm was raging and the young husband slipped into a crevasse and was dashed to death at the bottom. It was three days before the party found refuge in a hut.

Sarah Bernhardt made an ascent in 1875 with the painter Clarin and Goddard, the balloonist.

Among the most daring aviators who recently gave exhibition flights at Doncaster, England, was Mlle. Dutrieu, a young Frenchwoman. Her flights in midair were really remarkable, and she is the only woman in the world who has steered an aeroplane with a passenger aboard.

## PRONUNCIATION OF ARKANSAS

"Arkansaw" Recognized as Correct, but It Brought About a Dispute in the Senate.

Little Rock, Ark.—In the United States names of places are pronounced according to caprice rather than according to rule. The people of Quincy, Mass., as well as the people of Massachusetts generally, say "Quinz-y," while western people say "Quinz-y." In the same way New Englanders are much amused should any one pronounce the name of their famous town as every one pronounces the common word that is spelled in the same way. In other words, the inhabitants of Concord, Mass., give the second "o" an obscure sound and omit the "n" altogether. They live in "Con-cud."

Most everybody knows that the correct pronunciation of Arkansas is "Arkansaw," but there are still many persons who call it Arkansas. The name was formerly spelled Arkansas and Arkansas. The final "s" was added by the French, and is silent. In the state itself it is only visitors and newcomers who say Arkansas. At the same time it seems to be true that usage has not always been uniform. When Millard Fillmore was vice president of the United States the two Arkansas senators disagreed as to the pronunciation of the name. Each insisted that he was correct, and Mr. Fillmore as president of the senate, compromised the matter by recognizing one as "the gentleman from Arkansas" and the other as "the gentleman from Arkansas."

Made Oliver Herford Famous. Oliver Herford first sprang into fame as a wit so long ago as when Mrs. James Brown-Potter, whose husband was a near relative of the late Bishop Potter, created a sensation by relinquishing home and family to go upon the stage. While the sensation was at its height the bishop, who felt that disgrace had been brought upon the Potter name by the lady's choice of a career, chanced at a dinner at the Players' club in New York to challenge anyone present to make a joke about him that was not a pun based on the verb "to potter." Herford's response, "Actresses will happen in the best regulated families" won him the laurel wreath of the club and it has not yet gone out of his possession.—Frank M. White, in American Magazine.

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